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Thirteen Reasons Why I Won't Have Sex Sometimes (And A Bunch Of Sex Rules I Didn't Know I Had)

A note to the reader—I was excited to write a piece about outdoor sex, because I like to think that I'm a lot of fun to have sex with. However, upon further exploration, there may be a few things that I should talk to talk to my therapist about. So, let's take a shower, clip our fingernails, scrub up like we're getting ready for surgery and then, maybe, we can have some dirty sex.

I'm not interested in having sex in a shower. I have had lots of sex in lots of showers and it's mostly only like 7% fun. I like the part where you wash my hair and wash my body with soap, but as far as actual sex, it's not fun to be up on my toes for 20 minutes trying to be taller for you, while you bang me from behind and having my face and tits pressed against the glass shower door...it's dirty as fuck. I might go in the shower and pretend to have a good time, but I really just want you to wash my hair and my feet.

I'm not having sex with you, if I think you have pooped without a shower—I've seen how you wash your hands. I don't trust that you wash your asshole any better. I don't want to have sex with you after you've pooped. All I can think about is your sweaty back and a drip of sweat running from between your cheeks, over your ass, dripping on your balls and getting on my vagina. I don't want your fecal sweat anywhere near my pristine vagina.

If you're wearing the same shirt you wore yesterday and I think you pooped while you wore that shirt, I don't want you to fuck me. Please put on a fresh shirt or take it off.

Public sex in the Edgefield's Black Rabbit back room? I'm too old for this shit.

I'm not having sex in Mexico—last time I had sex in Mexico, I got a baby out of it. I'm not interested in a baby.

I'm not having sex in L.A., if you have roommates. Nothing ruins an amazing night like waking up to being surprised by running into your room-

mates that I know. That's uncomfortable and I'm too loud to be able to look anyone in the eye ever again.

What about on the actual beach? When I was a young woman, in my adult/teen years, I had a romantic rendezvous on the beach. However, after I came home, I was mortified to realize I had my very own sandbox.

We're not having sex anywhere, if your nails are dirty or too long.

Hotels are so gross. Did you know that they don't wash the blankets between guests? They only wash the sheets. THEY WASH THE SHEETS, BUT NOT THE BLANKETS (said in my best Poltergeist impression, regarding the scene with the headstones and bodies). Also, don't you dare touch me after touching the hotel remote, unless it's

One time, in the middle of the night, I heard one of my ex-husbands not wash his hands after going pee, so I asked him why he didn't wash his hands and said he didn't because his penis was clean. While that might be true, this made me think that, maybe, a man should wash his hands before he touches his "clean" penis. Hear me out on this; if a man touches money and door knobs, that means that he puts money germs on his penis. Then, he is going to try to put his dirty penis in me, basically putting money germs directly into my vagina.

I can't have sex anywhere where any part of my body is touching carpet. I will have sex on the floor, because we're in the middle of watching a movie, but I have to have a blanket under me and I don't want any carpet touching my skin.

"I don't want your fecal sweat anywhere near my pristine vagina."

packaged as sanitized.

Also, if you go to the bathroom and you run the water too long, I will think you are pooping. Then, I will worry that you are fake washing your hands or, if you don't wash your hands long enough, I will panic that you are going to put your dirty hands on me. While I know that a vagina is supposed to be a self-cleaning oven, I would rather not clean every time you want to touch me.

What about sex in the middle of the night, after I heard you pee and you didn't wash your hands?

Clearly, I need help. But, until that time comes, unless you are coming at me like a surgeon scrubbed for surgery, I'm probably not having sex with you.

Tiffany Greysen is a stand-up comedian and writer from Portland-ish, Oregon. She is a freelance writer for several humor publications. Her comedy is part advice columnist and part parenting guide... neither of which should be followed. You can find her on Twitter as @TiffanyGreysen or on Facebook by name.

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THE MONTHLY COLUMN

BY WOMBSTRETCHA THE MAGNIFICENT

RISK-FREE PROTESTING!

In this land of ours, if you have a problem with something—no matter what that something is—you are allowed to gather a band of like-minded individuals and publicly express your dissatisfaction. In fact, this activity has become so popular, that people will pretty much protest any old thing, no matter how absurd it is, how petty it might seem or how little they actually understand what they're rallying for or against.

That said, this pastime is not without its share of hazards. You could be trampled, maced, robbed, handcuffed, beaten or sprayed with foul liquids... and, that's *before* the cops show up! If you're anything like me, you want to feel as if you're doing something, but without all the unpredictability, drama and potential for injury. That is why I've done research and found a handful of protest groups for people who really want to take action, but don't want to take risks.

HOTS FOR TOTS

There's a surprising amount of discussion and disapproval regarding school-provided meals. Hots For Tots doesn't care much about the health value of the meals, nor whether they should be state-subsidized. But, they *do* care about getting the kids some damn hot sauce to go with their food. I'm sure many of us recall eating bland cafeteria lunches in our youth and I, for one, think some Tabasco could have done a world of good. Especially for that tuna casserole-ish thing that looks, smells and tastes like dog barf.

GREY LIVES MATTER, IF WE CAN FIND SOME

This group is about securing the rights for alien life forms—assuming anyone can find any—and, that they happen to need some rights. I mean, of all the things that could happen in the universe, that's one of them, isn't it? Not sure what their stance is on the right to probe anus-es though, so if that's a sore spot, maybe avoid this group.

STRUGGALOS UNITED

A band of struggling Juggalos (Struggalos) rally in support of free juggling lessons. You see, this is a valued skill in their culture, but, sadly, nine out of ten juggalos can't actually juggle. Keeping mul-

tiple items in the air at one time is important to Juggalo home life, Juggalo family life and, most importantly, Juggalo mating rituals. Show your solidarity by joining the Strugglo March and maybe, just maybe, you *can* make a difference.

Did you know?
9 out of 10
juggalos
can't
actually
juggle
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KANYE QUEST

Whenever he's in the spotlight, rapper/producer Kanye West is well-known for his incredibly obnoxious behavior. Kanye Quest seeks to get public support behind their mission, which is to find ways of keeping Kanye perpetually distracted, so that we might not see him on the news ever again. Suggestions include mailing him a crate of those "fidget spinner" toys, getting him hooked on building model ships in bottles, cultivating a passion in him for spelunking or getting him into the Hershey labs, to help develop his very own chocolate bar. Regardless of which Kanye Quest decides on, they need support and funding, which they are marching for.

QATAR HERO

A collection of concerned individuals seeks to petition the United Nations to force the small, Arabian nation of Qatar to adopt R&B artist Sisqo's year 2000 hit, "Thong Song," as their national anthem. When asked, "Why Sisqo?" representatives from the group stated, "They both do weird things with the letter 'Q' and it freaks us out, man." According to a recent poll, this group has the support of 192 of 193 UN member states, with the exception of Qatar, who are quoted as saying, "Come on guys, this isn't funny," when they learned of the possible vote.

DUM-BLOW THE ELEPHANT

A scientific concern, which was assembled to protest the lack of scientific funding for their project. What is their project? Well, it involves the purchase of a large African elephant and a "shitload" of uncut Bolivian cocaine. The idea is to see how much yayo the animal can snort, before it's scientifically determined to be "turnt" and thus ready to hit the club.

HELTER SPELTER

This group seeks to raise awareness of whatever the fuck spelt is. Apparently, it's really good for you. You're supposed to eat it...or, maybe, it cleans your toilet with no scrubbing? Either way, you can tell these folks definitely have their work cut out for them.

JILLION JANITOR JAMBOREE

Professional custodians team up to protest new anti-janitor laws, such as mop-water disposal fees and what they are calling an "unfair" tax on that weird sawdust they use to clean up puke. The Department Of Custodial Services will be seeing many a picket sign soon and you could be holding one. Do you really want floor puke left un-sawdusted?

BABY WANTS BACK

Founded by a cadre of rappers with music videos to shoot, BWB seeks to have the government subsidize ass implants for the flat-buttied. Their slogan is "Help Us Fill A Junkless Trunk With Funk." They will be marching outside the Bureau Of Booty Concerns.

CHIMPS FOR PIMPS

This group of prostitution coordinators seeks to legalize the use of apes and monkeys, as services animals. You see, pimping ain't easy and workplace accidents in the industry are at an all-time high. Many handicapped pimps, players and hustlers are left unemployed as a result. However, there is hope! Non-human primates can be trained to perform many of the tasks of pimping, such as Benjamin counting, gold polishing, hat re-feathering and, of course, bitch-slapping. Help these entrepreneurs get their lives back, won't you?

So, there you go. Now, you can protest without the risk of arrest or injury.

Enjoy!

-WStM

Wombstretcha the Magnificent is a professional amateur, disco ball refurbisher, air hockey shark, syllable lengthener, writer and retired rapper from Portland, OR. He can be found at Wombstretcha.com, on Twitter as @Wombstretcha503 and on Facebook by name.

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So, with that, I say if you can grow it on the land you stand, you should be able to smoke it (just make sure that you extinguish all roaches, or a weird-ass cartoon bear will show up and shame you). Perhaps it's my Humboldt days pulling me back into the woods, like Jason after a topless camp counselor, but I don't think it gets any better than taking in a few hits of high-quality herb in the open air. If you're blazing up on federal land—or hiking through "get off mah" land—keep the following tips in mind:

Blunts, Joints And Cookies: Keep It Small And Disposable

Basically, you want to be able to ditch your stash and, if you plan on being able to eat it, go with edibles you can consume in a hurry without overdosing. I follow the "pigs and bears" rule of what to look out for when camping with weed. If you're planning on smoking a federal crime, make sure you can dispose of the evidence and, if you're planning on eating one, make sure you've got something that you can wolf down without having a panic attack. Also, keep your eye out for bears—this has less to do with being caught with weed and more to do with being attacked while high. While traveling, always keep your weed in the trunk, under a pile of *Exotic* magazines, so that the cop will be distracted if he starts to get close to it.



If You're Hiking, Know Your Way Back

Thanks to the idea of GPS tracking in cell phones, folks think that they will be discovered if and when they go missing in the woods. Thanks to the *reality* of GPS tracking in cell phones, most folks will only get discovered if they go missing near the convenient store in Estacada, a major road or, in some cases, a few miles up the way in Damascus. My phone loses signal when I put it in my pocket—there is no fucking way I'm relying on Cricket Wireless to get me anywhere but to my dealer's house. Thus, it's generally a good idea to stick to hiking trails that are at least somewhat well-traveled. If, like me, you want to enjoy a hike free of children and tourists, go with an uphill/downhill hike near a cliff (i.e. Multnomah Falls or Cape Lookout). If you get lost on one of these styles of trail, all you have to do to get back is go down and avoid the cliff. However, if this doesn't work, you may want to have some extra weed (and food, water, etc.) handy. I do *not* recommend this strategy anywhere in the eastern portion of Oregon, as everything looks like a desert with upside-down hemorrhoids. Plus, Chupacabra.

Plan On Staying Overnight

This is always my mistake; watching a sun set into a cloud-lined mountain landscape, while the LSD soaks into my spine and the birds chirp. Then it goes dark. Then the weird forest noises start up. Then, oh shit...I'm like, six hours from home and Bend is crawling with cops, not to mention weird traffic patterns and distracting women. This is where camping overnight comes in. By "camping," I mean going full Live, Laugh, Love white girl on the pillows and just sleeping in the car. As a rule of thumb, I always opt for bright pink bedding that reeks of children (not literally, you sick fuck), so that the patrol cops don't think I'm homeless. Turn to this month's *Top 5* on page 46 for tips on actually living out of your car, should you need the advice. Public campsites are full of tourists and cops, by the way, so make sure you park next to the religious-sticker-covered van from the 70s, as it is clearly full of much more illicit substances (or bodies) than your Elantra.



The Oregon Coast Is Your Friend

Much like women and employment options on the coast, roadways are limited. Highway 101 is pretty much your only bet for north/south travel along Oregon's glorious, somewhat-inaccessible, off-the-beaten-path, ha-ha-you're-from-Cali-and-you-brought-a-swimsuit coastline. Although this doesn't sound stoner-friendly, if you're the type of smoker who likes to drive ten miles under the speed limit, park on the side of the road at random, eat ice cream every few hours and sleep in motels that still advertise color televisions on their signage, the coast is the shit. Plus, there's a weed dispensary nearly every twenty miles along the 101 and, if you go too far, you end up in Humboldt County. How can you go wrong?



Stoned Sex In The Outdoors Is Underrated

I'm not one of those weed heads who throws around words like "tribal" or "nature" all willy-nilly. In fact, I'm with Tiffany Greysen on this one, for the most part. *But*, if I just happen to be dating one of those career-having types that has access to a beachfront rental cabin once a month, you can bet your ass, mine *and* hers that we're fucking in the hot tub on the porch. Same goes with the girl who I lie to when she asks if I can snowboard, just so I can stay at her family's cabin at Black Butte. They don't call it a tramp-oline for no reason, right? Okay, that was pretty bad. Sorry. Also, try it. For real...you'll break a few bones, but goddamn is it fun.

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JONAS BARNES DOES PORTLAND

BY JONAS BARNES

PORTLAND'S SUMMER SEX GUIDE

Soon, the clouds will part and the sun will come out and remind you that you're white and sunburn easily. Put on sunscreen, for fuck's sake! You and I both know that Portland is an alabaster city, so take those precautions. But, we're not talking sunburns, this is *Exotic*—we're talking sex in the summer. From swinging, to nude beaches, to naked bike riders and everything in between, we love our sex here in the Rose City.

Sex, Comedy & SMUT

I'd be an asshole if the first thing on my list wasn't the melding of two of my favorite things: sex and stand-up comedy. There is no shortage of either, individually, in Portland. But, over at The Funhouse Lounge, you get the rare mixture of both. On the one hand, you have bi-monthly (2nd and 4th Sunday) show from Belinda Carroll called "SMUT," which celebrates sex positivity in all of its wonderful glory. The acts are diverse, the jokes are dirty and show is always awesome. On the other hand, you have PDX staple Wendy Weiss and her "Comic Strip" show, where comics strip down during their acts and the headliner has their face emblazoned on a butt plug. Yes, you can shove your favorite comic's face deep into you ass, if you want. Pay attention to Wendy's social media for future developments on the show, as there may be some changes in the air. Both of these ladies also write fantastic feature columns for this magazine, so keep your eyes out for their columns when you can and find their events listed in our calendar next to *Erotic City*.

Nude Beaches

Did you know that Portland has a beach where you can get all kinds of naked and romp around the sand? You can and you should. A short trip out to Sauvie Island takes you to your destination. Park the car, display your day pass in your window and

venture to Collins Beach to drop those clothes. Get a tan, don't burn your junk and enjoy the freedom without being a creep. Alternatively, if Sauvie Island isn't your spot, check out Rooster Rock State Park.



The Naked Bike Ride

This is exactly what it sounds like: the world's biggest naked bike ride. I'd say that, if you're comfortable enough, do this once in your life. Keep your junk safe and ride safe, but give it a shot!

Strip Clubs

If you have any questions about strip clubs in Portland, read literally any page in this magazine. Support Portland sex work and the workers that make you happy! Tip well and often!

Watch People Fuck (Or, Let Them Watch You)

Club Privata is the premier PDX upscale swingers club, taking up the old spot of the beloved Club Sesso. I cannot suggest this enough, if you're looking to explore your sexual side. An amazing environment, free from judgment, that allows you to live out some of your hottest fantasies. *[ED: It is my understanding that Club Privata has a taco night and that is the best fucking thing I've ever heard, as far as living out fantasies goes.]*

FORGOTTEN PORTLAND: CLUB SESSO

Speaking of letting people watch you fuck, how can you not be drawn to a swingers club that is endorsed by, arguably, the most recognizable name in the adult film industry? It's almost impossible not to be, honestly. As was the draw for a wonderful little piece of sexual heaven called Ron Jeremy's Club Sesso, which once sat near the Portland waterfront. Boasting three (sometimes four) floors of hedonistic heaven, the building is now inhabited by a new club called Club Privata that definitely fills the void of your swinger needs (give 'em a visit). But, there was always something about Club Sesso.

Legal difficulties aside, Club Sesso was...well, it wasn't what you thought of when you heard "swingers club" at all. I'm all for body positivity, as a fat dude who loves himself, but the term "swinger" always had an incorrect stereotype attached to it, that made you think it was crusty hippies with un-bathed genitals, having a nice romp with likewise unwashed folks. It wasn't that AT ALL. It was, in reality, the most comfortable place I've ever been sexually and there was zero judgment from anyone, for any body type around. The people there were happy and exploring desires that, maybe, they'd otherwise had to have hide. Sesso was a great place.

My girlfriend and I went with another comedian (who was a member) for a night after our "SMUT Show" co-production (now ran by awesome-as-fuck comedian Belinda Carroll in Portland), to check the place out. Upon entering, we saw what we didn't expect to see; zero creepiness and full freedom of expression. There was a well-priced bar, a stripper cage to let your inner *Showgirls* fetish out and a very nice employee who took us aside and gave us the grand tour. There were private rooms, public rooms, locker rooms and a buffet on the first floor. Yes, I said a buffet at a swingers club. It served only aphrodisiac food. It was damn good, too. After giving us all the rules, the employee said the most obvious thing—the golden rule was "don't be creepy."

The second floor was intense. As you reached the top of the stairs, you were greeted with an orgy bed right in the middle of the floor, complete with two granite-chiseled humans fucking like crazy for a crowd of horny, yet respectful, onlookers. A few of the lucky "audience members" even got a go at the couple. There were also "watching" rooms for you to let people watch you do the deed, behind the safety of a locked door and glass. The lady and I opted for the sex swing room and gave folks a show, just to see if we were into it. Spoiler alert: holy shit, were we into it.

We concluded our night without fucking any other couples or venturing into the fetish floor, because it was closed off for the night. But, Club Sesso opened us up to things we never knew we were into sexually and strengthened our relationship. It gave us an outlet to express desires we never knew existed within ourselves. And, for those reasons, we'll miss our little piece of sexual heaven. But, let's be honest with ourselves here...it's Portland. If you have a sexual fantasy, you can get it fulfilled in this wonderful city we all call home.

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Busting The Fap Gap by Ray McMillin

Question: if a man violently masturbates in public, but no one is around to taze him, why does the media let him make a sound?

That is the question, begged by the contrasting of two popular news cases involving Oregonians jerking off in public. Just last month, Terry Lee Andreassen was arrested for masturbating in the open, near a youth center, in downtown Portland. Andreassen told cops that he did it because he “hates Portland,” which is admirable. However, let us not forget the jack attack from three years ago, which involved Beaverton resident Andrew Frey, who was busted doing the ol’ Reuben’s Hand Sandwich while visiting Iggy’s Bar & Grill—a blue-collar tavern that resides in a small, dusty suburb of Salem, called Brooks. The treatment of these two individuals differs greatly, in terms of subsequent punishment and media spin, and calls for a discussion regarding the issues of class, gender and masturbation activism.

—The Media Spin

Naturally, the man who was arrested for whackin’ it near downtown Portland was given a chance to speak; Portland is simultaneously accepting and judgemental—a real-life version of BuzzFeed, in which casual self-expression is falsely equated to sexual assault, while real sexual assault is defended on the basis of self-expression.

This is the case with Andreassen, whose quote, “I did it because I fucking hate Portland,” made it (at least partially) into the majority of the news headlines covering his fap attack. Look, I hate Portland as much as the next guy who lived here before 2010, but I’ve never allowed my angst to boil into my nutsack. And, if (when) I finally decide to give my career the ol’ Pee-wee Swan Song, it won’t be anywhere near a youth center—I actually plan on soaking up a few racks at a Buffalo Exchange and then counter-suing them for misappropriating Native American culture with their name. Nonetheless, it is an arguably Portland phenomenon to give a public fapper a forum to express why they were bopping his knob near toddlers.

Shifting to a rural and mostly ignored community, the media simply blamed Beaverton-based, Brooks-area fapper Andrew Frey’s actions on the fact that he was high on methamphetamine. However, PDX-poser Terry Lee Andreassen was also on meth—clearly, the “just a tweaker doing

tweaker shit” defense is weak, as The Portland Whacker was given a soapbox from which to state his cause (and, potentially strip down for copper wire), that being, “I hate Portland, so I came on it.” Meanwhile, Frey has yet to be reached for comment. Further, Brooks masturbator Frey fought off fifteen tazer-wielding cops *while continuing to masturbate*. Opting against the Portland attitude of “give up, apologize and submit,” Andrew Frey went full *8 Mile* “Lose Yourself” in his dedication to busting a nut. And, let’s not kid ourselves...that shit is fucking admirable. I mean, I have a hard enough time rubbing one out if the two teen lesbians in the porno stop smiling, or if Windows reminds me that Adobe Flash Player needs updating. Boner-killers kill boners and I’ll be the son of a pool table if cops, Brooks, being in a bar before sundown and white drugs aren’t boner-killers.



—Unpacking Societal Baggage

This is where I try as hard as possible (and fail) to avoid using all the bullshit I learned in Sociology courses to justify why it’s okay to jerk off in a major metropolitan area, but not a small, rural town. Perhaps that would involve Brooks-plaining the issue of how cops target certain meth users, starting a #WhiteDrugsMatter hashtag and incorporating feminism to point out how the true victims here are the white females, who had to witness each incident without first being given a trigger warning. Is this another example of male privilege or male oppression? Perhaps, incorporating men’s rights issues is a better angle. Since masturbation reduces the risk of prostate cancer, maybe men can finally have a holiday and a ribbon—for one week, let’s make the WNBA wear strap-on dildos to raise awareness. Hell, maybe we can go full Marxist and bring up how “the money shot” is an inherently capitalist concept and that sperm is a

communal resource that belongs to all of society, thus, the men involved in these cases were simply redistributing their wealth as members of the petit bourgeois. Finally, we could play the race card: are one-armed black masturbators more likely to be shot by cops than one-armed white masturbators (or “crackerbators”)?

Or, we can just take a minute to appreciate the fact that hate-inspired, meth-fueled, public masturbation is still newsworthy.

—Democracy In Our Hands

I’d like to live in a world where men (cis and trans) of all backgrounds and socioeconomic statuses can freely and openly use their junk to express hatred for the Northwest. It really is the most-to-the-point, direct approach to democracy.

If you don’t believe me, try this experiment: write down an organized, cohesive list of the things wrong with your community’s property taxes, small business regulations and, oh, smoking laws. Then, present this to the person working the desk at your neighborhood police station and then wait for a response. Now, while you’re waiting, whip out the ol’ baby batter blaster and begin violently masturbating in the lobby of the police station, while yelling the phrase, “TOO MANY POTHOLE ON POWELL!”

I can tell you this much—at least one discussion regarding potholes will make the evening news, but that list you wrote down will end up in a filing cabinet—never to be seen again.

Do we live in a democracy or are we tricked into believing that we simply *appear* to be conducting our day-to-day tasks in a world where our written vote matters, when, in reality, the only way to enact actual change is by aggressively jacking off in a public place? It’s time we un-crust our socks, put them on and march down to the park with a rolled-up copy of *Swank Hoes Monthly* and a few day’s worth of protein buildup. Run to the windows, open them up, pull down your pants, grab your dick and yell, “I’m mad as hell, high on meth and I’m not gonna take it anymore!”

Oh, my lawyer wanted me to mention that this is not legal advice, nor am I a “life coach” (whatever that is).

Back to civil disobedience. Rosa Parks refused to move to the back of the bus, but we still have racism. What if Rosa had agreed to move to the back of the bus and then began masturbating violently, while yelling “Fuck whitey!” with her fellow, allied back-of-the-bus masturbators? On the other palm, it’s entirely possible, that by refusing to move to the back of the bus, Rosa Parks actually created a safe space for public masturbation—a place where one can yell the most obscene statements while rubbing their junk, but not be ostracized. The more you think about it, the more a conspiracy theory emerges. What if our entire blue-pilled existence is simply a smokescreen, designed to hide the truth of masturb-activism and its powerful effects?

The magazine you hold in your hand has several pages. On some pages, you will find words and ideas, designed to influence your thinking—this is one such page. On the other pages, you will see images of sexually attractive women. You read the articles, the stories end. You wake up in your bed and believe whatever you want to believe. You look at the images of naked women, you stay in Wonderland and we will show you how deep the rabbit hole goes.

Speaking of which, why isn’t there a strip club called The Rabbit Hole? It could be a gateway club to The Bunny Ranch. Sometimes, I swear the world is only using about half of its potential.

—Jerk Your Privilege

Anyways, the point here should be pretty basic, common sense stuff. If you want to be heard, jerk off on meth in public while expressing your opinion, but don’t forget that we live in a society that limits some peoples’ voices, so that others can take the spotlight. Yeah, I hate Portland too. But, come on, until we close what I call the “fap gap” and treat all men who engage in public masturbation frenzies as *equal*, we can’t call ourselves a democracy. This is why Trump won. A lonely, unheard demographic lives in what I will refer to as the “crust belt” and until left-leaning politicians start showing concern for these registered voters (deplorable or otherwise), the beatings will most likely continue until morale improves.

The next time you’re in a rural area and you see someone jacking off like they were given Viagralaced bath salts, check your privilege and listen. Start a dialogue. Reach out with your (left) hand and introduce yourself. Until we can cum together as a community, there will be no justice.

By the way, it’s some shit called OG Kush and I got it from a dispensary in Lincoln City called T.E.R.P., thanks for asking!

Polerotica, Pride and Portland

Look, there’s a lot more to Portland than crank-yanking. Due to the time-space continuum, I am unable to let our readers know which talented showgirl won the *Polerotica* finals on May 27th at Dante’s, however, I will tell you that you missed out on one of Portland’s most exciting multi-week events. But, you’re far from late to the summer bandwagon. In fact, we have one of the best summer kickoffs you could ask for, should you choose to enjoy the sunshine without becoming a registered sex offender in the name of methamphetamine. Portland Pride week is coming up (it may be in full effect by the time you pick up this magazine) and you haven’t lived, until you’ve marched with PDX Pride. Be near South Park Blocks in



downtown on Sunday, June 18th, an hour before noon, to join the most colorful march you’ve ever been part of. Ween is coming to both Bend and Seattle during the first weekend of July, so you better get your tickets now, before the Boognish consumes them all. And, don’t forget to check out our calendar of events located in the *Spotlight* portion for all things bloomin’ in June.

Now, it is with great hesitation and anxiety that I turn over the endless amounts of power this column gives me, to a semi-recent addition to *Exotic*, known by many names (I can relate), but usually a “Jaime” is involved. Our friend and yours, Elle Stanger, started a podcast called UnzippedPDX, which focuses on all things sex and is co-hosted by Buster Ross and Orchid. UnzippedPDX had a live broadcast/taping/whateverpodcastsdo at Paris Theater, but I could not attend due to time constraints and acid flashbacks. So, I sent Jaime and here is what she came back with...

Everybody’s A Stripper, Even Penis-People: The UnzippedPDX Live Review by Jaime Suicide

Everyone had the chance to be a stripper on April 27, 2017, at the pop-up strip club fundraiser for Planned Parenthood on the Paris Theater stage, thanks to the UnzippedPDX podcast trio: two strippers and a sex therapist, Elle Lynn Stanger, Orchid Souris Rouge and Buster Ross.

The show started with a live taping of the UnzippedPDX podcast, then ended in an optionally-nude, full-gender-spectrum, free-for-all strip-athon that raised \$1,440 for Planned Parenthood Columbia Willamette (in under two hours).

The first thing I noticed when I walked into the Paris—aside from not having a place to sit, unless I wanted to share a table—was Elle’s voice. She’s a phenomenal public speaker. I don’t know which was more arresting, her ability to eloquently respond to the most annoying questions, or her sharp Venusian beauty. Is it still the “male gaze,” if I’m not male or sexually attracted to women?

I saw fliers all over the bar that condemned body-shaming and negative talk, so I can at least rest assured I’m not violating those rules.

Orchid was also highly charismatic and had a knack for responding to the dumbest shit with diplomacy and grace.

Buster was like the idiotic court jester, wise-fool, duder-sage—sometimes he left me in stitches with laughter and other times, he was oddly abrasive and pushy about his sexuality, to the point I was pretty sure he may be breaking the rules listed on the fliers plastered on every surface of The Paris.

For the discussion, audience members were asked to submit questions in a box when they entered the door, which made the podcast conversation go all over the place—from ass play to the details of stripping. Some of them were as mindless as the questions that embarrassed even me, a mere spectator, at the Hollywood Theater Q-’N-’A’s I’ve attended (which are uniformly bad, because of the dumbass questions).

The first advice-seeker had the best, most complicated magazine | xmag.com 29

cated and most enlightening question for me. A straight dude wanted to know what he could shove up his ass, besides a tongue (loved it) or a finger (hated it). I was impressed with the honesty of his inquiry, especially knowing the author was among us in the dimly-lit venue. I tried not to drown in the abyss of how many of my exes secretly wanted something up their asses and never told me.

But, the next question was the worst one and made me scoff out loud—the typical, “I have a fantasy to strip. Where should I go? What should I do? How original am I? Will it make me more original if I’m a stripper?” I think Elle actually said she hated that question and refused to answer it for the millionth time, eventually telling the question’s author to just pick up a copy of *Exotic*. I think Orchid told her to go audition at clubs. I have no idea why the listless scribbler couldn’t have thought of either tip on her own, if she was truly curious. I have a suggestion—STRIP AT THE POP-UP CLUB YOU’RE AT AND SEE HOW IT GOES.

At one point, the conversation went to herpes. Someone in the audience submitted a question about how they think their life is over, because they have herpes and I was really surprised how little everyone knew about the herpes simplex virus—even two strippers and a sex therapist, with sexpertise.

I’m just going to be real. They didn’t have *all* their facts straight. Instead of nitpicking what they had right or wrong, I’ll draw some facts from my article, “Herpes 101,” published in the *Portland State Vanguard* [1].

“According to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, one out of six people, ages 14 to 49 years of age, is infected with genital herpes. Women are more commonly infected than men and, in the U.S., one out of five women has genital herpes, according to the National Institutes of Health’s website. [Further], testing for HSV can be difficult. The virus is integrated into the DNA and becomes part of the tissue. False positives are common in blood tests, but false negatives are a possible result of swab tests, according to [Mark] Bajorek, Director Of Health Services at the Center For Student Health And Counseling at Portland State University.”

Another fact I recall—this time from memory—is that there’s still a small chance of spreading HSV if you use a condom. HSV spreads skin-to-skin and sometimes viral shedding isn’t always visible.

Like a good journalist, I stepped back and observed and did not shout out all these facts. But, I was concerned by the panel’s lack of knowledge about the subject. Even the hosts didn’t fully understand the difference between HSV-I and HSV-II. They thought there were hundreds of strains and a doctor in the audience had to remind the audience and panel, “No, there’s only two types and the rest are a different class.”

[ED: In defense of the panel, even many doctors and other experts lack agreement and/or extensive knowledge about HSV-I and HSV-II, which I assume is due to a large volume of inaccurate or incomplete information being circulated; for instance, I had to specify that I wanted both tests when I went in for an “everything” screening at the local Planned Parenthood.]

HSV-I infects the mouth and, if you get educated about it, then you know it can easily spread to the genitals. Elle did mention that—she said it’s only a matter of time—but, she didn’t really elaborate. If you go down on another person and you have HSV-I, there’s a small chance you can spread it, even without an outbreak.

Planned Parenthood—or any STD clinic—will not automatically screen you for HSV. It’s not included in a general blood test.

[ED: Yup, told ya so...]

You literally have to request it. You have to say, “I want to be tested for HSV-I and HSV-II.” If you do not request it, they will not test you. The same goes for Hepatitis C. I know, because I’ve had to ask. In fact, I asked multiple times, because more than one clinic was trying to convince me I didn’t need those tests. How messed up is it that those aren’t standard fare on the basic STD screen?! No wonder HSV is so rampant.

Now that you have a better understanding of one of the most common STDs in the U.S., I’ll get back to the review.

I was impressed when Elle talked about bring-



ing her parents to a strip club, not to see *her* strip, but to introduce them to *the lifestyle*. She said she showed them an art form—a creative outlet that has sexual elements and toys with sexuality, but isn’t wholly about sex. She also said her parents know about her stripper-writer life. I wouldn’t tell my parents about the similar things I’ve done. My mom knows I’ve stripped, but she doesn’t know the details. I guess it’s more like how Orchid said her parents know what she does and they don’t judge her for it, but she doesn’t want them to listen to her podcast because it’s so explicit and raunchy, that she doesn’t feel comfortable with them knowing the ins and outs of her sexuality. Buster had the weirdest parents story and I recommend you go listen to it, because I can’t condense it here.

I think one of the realest moments of the live taping was when Orchid pointed out the best part about stripping, which is making lots of money and feeling awesome on stage, when someone tells you you’re amazing and showers you with banknotes, and—in my own words—for a moment you feel like Scrooge McDuck on *Duck Tales*, but with a better body, face and attitude.

After the podcast, the pop-up strip club opened to all, but only maybe one or two of the people who presented as women stripped, but I'm not sure what they identify as, so what the hell do I stay here as to not offend anybody? Please don't hate me. I'm sorry. I think I just made it worse by saying all that, but, do I get a pass for a trying? The people who had breasts and maybe a vagina—only one or two of them had clearly never stripped before, but the rest knew exactly what they were doing.

The penis people were the ones who didn't have stripping experience.

My favorite dancer was the intergalactic penis-person, scantily clad in a two-piece space suit. His eyes bulged just as much as his Prince Albert piercing that peered out from his nether regions, before anyone really knew it was okay to go full nude (which didn't happen until Buster busted out from behind the DJ table...free-balling, wearing only a shirt).

The rest of the night was Buster bustin' on everyone, urging them to get on stage and get nekkid. "What does your pussy look like?" he said on the mic. "Take those panties off—they're not needed tonight."

Dollars covered the tile around the pole. The stripper posse worked hard, but so did the rando. The doctor, who helped the hosts understand HSV better, got on stage with his lady friend. At least one bouncer and one bartender danced to raise funds. Damn near everyone was in on it.

Oddly enough, Buster successfully skated the lines of that incessantly posted anti-negativity flier, shaming almost the entire audience onto the stage by the end of the night, but it was for a good cause. I don't think I'd have been as entertained if he hadn't been such a walking contradiction, so I give him a pass...as long as Elle gives me one.

For more information, go to UnzippedPDX.com. To catch up on Elle's writing, visit StripperWriter.com.

[1] <http://www.PSUVanguard.com/herpes-101>

eroticcity spotlight

SAT 3 – MYSTIC GENTLEMEN'S CLUB – JOKER POKER RUN

WED 7 – CABARET – DJ PINEAPPLE'S LUAU PARTY

SAT 10 – HAWTHORNE STRIP – WESTERN COSTUME PARTY

SAT 10 – LUCKY DEVIL LOUNGE – SCARLETT'S B-DAY PARTY

SUN 11 – DEVILS POINT – 5TH ANNUAL STRIPPARAOKE CONTEST

SUN 11 – SHOTSKI'S (SALEM)

ALL-AGES DRAG SHOW W/ DJ HAZMATT (3–7PM)

THU 15 – CLUB SINROCK – 2-YEAR ANNIVERSARY PARTY

THU 15 - FIREHOUSE (SALEM) – PENTHOUSE PET TAYA PARKER

FRI 16 – SCARLET LOUNGE – 80S/90S DANCE PARTY

FRI 16 & SAT 17 - SUNSET STRIP

PENTHOUSE PET TAYA PARKER

SAT 17 – SAFARI SHOWCLUB

LUBE WRESTLING EXTRAVAGANZA

SUN 18 – CLUB ROUGE

FATHER'S DAY FOOD & DRINK SPECIALS

SUN 18 – SOUTH PARK BLOCKS

PORTLAND PRIDE PARADE (11AM)

THU 22 – CLUB SINROCK – BIKINI CONTEST ROUND 2

THU 22 – THE GOLD CLUB – HOEDOWN THROWDOWN

THU 22 – STARS CABARET (BRIDGEPORT)

HAWAIIAN LUAU

THU 22 – STARS CABARET (SALEM)

SANTIAM BREWING NIGHT

FRI 23 & SAT 24 – KIT KAT CLUB

4-YEAR ANNIVERSARY PARTY

THU 29 – CLUB SINROCK – BIKINI CONTEST FINALS

FRI 30 – KING'S – PATIO PARTY W/ LIVE MUSIC

FRI 30 – TOMMY'S TOO – DAISY DUKE CONTEST





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BELINDA EXPLAINS:

HARDCORE BRAIN DRUGS

BY BELINDA CARROLL



Oh Kittens! It's summer in Oregon. The sun is, well...trying, the birds are singing and your hangovers are slightly more tolerable than normal. You're firing up the dating app of your choice, taking your allergy meds, Yelping a decent taco place and donning your best hiking shoes—to do what the Egyptian sun god, Ra, intended. Go outdoors and meet the similarly dressed, largely pale, mole-people of Portland and mate like rabbits in relief, after valiantly overcoming our collective winter Vitamin D deficiency (yep, we all know this is an obvious place for a dick joke, Kevin... vitamin D deficiency...we all get it).

Now, as we get into the rutting season—my personal season begins at *Queer Pride* in June—we're all thinking about boning. People spend months in the gym to best take advantage of the three months in Oregon that the sun is out. Deep down, we are all just moose looking to propagate the species.

But, kittens, I wanted to talk about the outcome of summer lovin'. Not kids or STIs—although, those two could be considered one in the same by some people—but, romantic attachment or love. For the sake of brevity, I'm focusing on one-on-one attachment, but if you have ten partners, you can apply it to each and every one. With a kiss from me, you're officially a love master (also, invite me over, maybe).

Neuropeptides are essentially the chemical communicators in your brain that signal your body what's happening 'round the 'hood. Different neuropeptides are involved in a wide range of brain functions, including analgesia (pain blocking), reward, food intake, metabolism, reproduction, social behaviors, learning and memory. Oh yeah, who's feeling sexy? Oxytocin (known by the dope-as-fuck shorthand, OT), is known as the bonding hormone or the particularly nauseous nicknames, "the love hormone" or "cuddle hormone." But, you can't talk about OT (seriously, rappers, get on this) without mentioning her sister-in-neuropeptide, vasopressin and their hormone-cousin, dopamine. It's a ménage à trois that can leave you feeling fucked in a few ways—some ways great and life-changing, some so painful that they inspire Guns 'N' Roses songs.

Journal Of Neuropsychiatry describes oxytocin as, "the bonding hormone, responding to infant behavior, such as laughing or crying, 'falling in love' and abandonment." I enjoyed how "falling in love" was published in quotes. Like, even psychiatry is still not 100% sold that love is real.

Have you ever been, like, over-the-top in love with someone? But, listen. We're talking Beyonce "Drunk-In-Love" level. You may have had the thought, "You make me feel like a little kid." If you haven't, get on

that shit, it's real good. Warning: the hangover can be super intense, though...read on.

That feeling is common in early love relationships (sorry, you two...I'm sure what you have is real special) and comes from somewhere. Oxytocin is highest in childbirth and breastfeeding, except when outstripped by early romantic attachment. Add in the depression-relieving hormone, dopamine, and oxytocin's slutty sister, vasopressin, and your brain says, "I respond to this person so much, they are drugs to me...I must be with them always!" before producing brain drugs to sustain the feeling. It's a real water-to-wine situation. Anyone who has been screaming on a front lawn at 3:00am remembers the come down (or, maybe you don't...I don't know how much you drink).

Don't you hate it when people drag the ancient Greeks into love talks? It's like, "Here we go with the fucking Greeks again." But, we all know the soulmate thing, right? From Plato's *Symposium*? It's where the term "soulmates" comes from. You totally know it, because you wrote a poem about it at some point, when you were sixteen. I was reading it the other day, for a very non-emo, completely responsible adult purpose and I realized that all of his old time-y philosopher talk is essentially describing the behavioral effects of oxyto-

cin. This means love is a tale as old as the brain. Early cave dwellers probably held stone boom boxes over their heads, to win the hearts of their betrothed.

Aristophanes in *Symposium* uses the allegory, “humans originally had four arms, four legs and a single head made of two faces,” which sounds terrifying and I’m glad we phased out of that whole situation. He continues, “there were three genders: man, woman and ‘the androgynous’ and concludes, “love is composed of a single soul inhabiting two bodies.” Jesus, Ari, no pressure on a relationship there.

Maybe this is why so many long-term couples look alike—they eventually fuse back to their original state. Also, stop wearing matching outfits. You look ridiculous. You love each other—we get it. No need to show it through matching polos, or shared Facebook pages (I’m looking at you, SusanNJodi). I’m pretty sure that my soulmate is “the androgynous,” if the last twenty years is to be believed. I’m apparently just hand-testing of each them.

Aristophanes goes on to state, that we are all born wandering around “looking for our other half.” See? You DID write a horrible poem about this when you were sixteen! And, when “one of them meets with his other half, the actual half of himself, whether he be a lover of youth or a lover of another sort, the pair are lost in an amazement of love and friendship and intimacy and one will not be out of the other’s sight...as I may say, even for a moment: these are the people who pass their whole lives together, and yet, they could not explain what they desire of one another.” Apparently ol’ Ari had an oxytocin high that was like meth once.

I believe that “not being out of the other’s sight, may I say, not even for a moment,” would qualify as crippling codependency

today. But, the point is that oxytocin and having that “I never want to be without you, you are the other half of me” feeling can promote awesome shit, like positive communication, emotional matching, affectionate touch, interpersonal focus and emotional support between partners, as well as go over the line into anxious attachment—leading you to constantly ask, “Where is she?,” “What is he doing right now?” and “Are they thinking of me?” This is cute, until you’re driving by their house for the fifth time to see if their car is really there, texting them a hundred times a day or burning them in effigy in front of their new girlfriend’s house. You’re a junkie, Kevin. Back off the oxytocin.

I’ve asked myself if there is one soulmate for each of us. I haven’t settled on a conclusion, although, I’m romantic enough to buy in. But, if the current divorce rate is to be believed, a lot of us are oxytocin addicts lookin’ for a fix.

Have you ever had your heart broken? I have. You suffer with tears that feel like they will never stop—the endless loop of memories in sepia tone, thoughts of what kind of future you would have had or knowing that you’ll never find anyone that into clown porn again. Fucking brutal.

You hurt like a bastard and, yes, it’s mental, but it’s also physical. The emotional pain of a breakup and physical pain have something in common—they both activate the same part of the brain. As explained by researcher Ethan Kross, “We found that powerfully inducing feelings of social rejection [especially during an unwanted breakup] activate regions of the brain that are involved in physical pain sensation, which are rarely activated in neuroimaging studies of emotion.” He continues, “These findings are consistent with the idea that the experience of social rejection, or social loss more generally, may represent a distinct

emotional experience, that is uniquely associated with physical pain.”

The good news? You’ll get through it. This stress-related manifestation of oxytocin may produce physiological changes that will encourage people to seek contact with others, which may be why you’re at the bar five days a week. It has nothing to do with your drinking, Kevin. It’s your breakup. While you’re there, make sure to hang out with friends, laugh, sing, and dance. Go to see comedy! May I suggest the Portland Queer Comedy Festival that I am producing? Also, stop listening to that song on repeat or checking their Instagram feed (I’m bad at my own advice, so I get it). Every time you remind yourself of your ex-love, you are reactivating the oxytocin bond. Doing all of these things helps overcome your severe oxytocin problem. Also, give that brunette at the end of the bar a shot. She may be low on oxytocin too—or, have some to share.

Understanding the science-y brain explanations for the reason behind the feeling of “in love” (forever putting that in quotes... thanks, science!) doesn’t change the fact that being “in love” can be pretty fucking rad. Understanding the role the brain plays can help us understand that romantic love can be an amazing brain drug, that can make you feel like you can build the world single-handed for your boo, yet can, conversely, make you feel like you’ll die of pain when it’s gone. But, amazingly, you don’t die. Think of understanding your brain-on-love as knowing the type, strain and the THC level in your weed. That knowledge improved your high and you didn’t die that one time you did edibles, even though time was totally slow, you swore everyone knew you were high and you felt like you couldn’t breathe, right?

STRIP CLUBS

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Daily 2pm-2am

BOTTOMS UP! 5 **FOOD LOTTERY**
16900 NW St Helens Rd | (503) 621-9844
Daily 12pm-2:30am

CABARET 7 **FOOD LOTTERY**
17544 SE Stark St | (503) 252-3529
Daily 2pm-2:30am

CASA DIABLO 46 **FOOD LOTTERY**
2839 NW St Helens Rd | (503) 222-6600
Daily 11am-2:30am

CLUB PLAY PEN 30 **FOOD LOTTERY**
6210 NE Columbia Blvd | (503) 281-3212
Mon-Sat 11am-2am, Sun 2pm-2am

CLUB ROUGE 48 **FOOD LOTTERY**
403 SW Stark St | (503) 227-3936
Mon-Sat 11am-2am, Sun 2pm-2am

CLUB SINROCK 23 **FOOD**
12035 NE Glisan St | (503) 889-0332
Daily 2pm-2:30am

DANCIN' BARE 11 **FOOD LOTTERY**
8440 N Interstate Ave | (503) 285-9073
Daily 11:30am-2:30am

DEVILS POINT 12 **FOOD LOTTERY**
5305 SE Foster Rd | (503) 774-4513
Daily 11am-2:30am

DREAM ON SALOON 16 **FOOD LOTTERY**
15920 SE Stark St | (503) 253-8765
Daily 11:30am-2am

DUSK 'TIL DAWN: CASA DIABLO II 80 **FOOD LOTTERY**
8845 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 222-6610
Daily 2pm-2:30am

DVB 17 **FOOD LOTTERY**
5021 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 788-7178
Daily 2pm-2:15am

THE GOLD CLUB 72 **FOOD LOTTERY**
17180 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 908-1177
Mon-Sat 11am-2:30am, Sun 4pm-12am

GOLDEN DRAGON EXOTIC CLUB 62 **16+**
324 SW 3rd Ave | (503) 274-1900
Daily 6pm-Sunrise

HAWTHORNE STRIP 19 **FOOD**
3532 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 232-9516
Daily 2pm-2:30am

KING'S 15 **FOOD LOTTERY**
13550 SE Powell Blvd | (971) 703-4248
Daily 1pm-2:30am

KIT KAT CLUB 69 **FOOD LOTTERY**
231 SW Ankeny St | (503) 208-3229
Daily 5pm-2:30am

LUCKY DEVIL LOUNGE 47 **FOOD LOTTERY**
633 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 206-7350
Daily 11am-2:30am

MARY'S CLUB 25 **FOOD LOTTERY**
129 SW Broadway | (503) 227-3023
Daily 11:30am-2:30am

MYSTIC GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 52 **FOOD LOTTERY**
9950 SE Stark St | (503) 477-9523
Daily 11am-2:30am

PIRATE'S COVE 29 **FOOD LOTTERY**
7417 NE Sandy Blvd | (503) 287-8900
Daily 2pm-2:30am

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545 SE Tacoma St | (503) 232-6813
Mon-Sat 10am-2:30am, Sun 1pm-1am

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Daily 3pm-2:30am

THE RUNWAY GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 55 **FOOD LOTTERY**
1735 SE Tualatin Valley Hwy | (503) 640-4086
Mon-Wed Noon-1am, Thu-Fri Noon-2:30am,
Sat 4pm-2:30am & Sun 4pm-1am

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3000 SE Powell Blvd | (503) 231-9199
Mon-Sat 11am-2:30am, Sun 4pm-2:30am

SCARLET LOUNGE 60 **FOOD LOTTERY**
12646 SE Division St | (503) 477-4318
Daily 10am-2:30am

SHIMMERS GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 40 **FOOD LOTTERY**
8000 SE Foster Rd | (971) 230-0047
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SKINN GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 21 **FOOD**
4523 NE 60th Ave | (503) 288-9771
Sun-Thu 10am-2am, Fri-Sat 10am-1am

SPEARMINT RHINO 65 **FOOD LOTTERY**
15826 SE Division St | (503) 894-9219
4pm-2:30am Daily

SPYCE GENTLEMEN'S CLUB 49 **FOOD LOTTERY**
33 NW 2nd Ave | (503) 243-4646
Sun-Thu 6pm-2:30am, Fri-Sat 3pm-2:30am

STARS CABARET BRIDGEPORT 50 **FOOD**
17939 SW McEwan Rd | (503) 726-2403
Mon-Sat 11am-2am, Sun 4pm-2am

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10205 SW Park Way | (503) 297-8466
Mon-Fri 11:30am-2:30am, Sat 4pm-2:30am,
Sun 5pm-2:30am

UNION JACKS 43 **FOOD**
938 E Burnside St | (503) 236-1125
Mon-Thu 4pm-2:30am, Fri-Sun 3pm-2:30am

TOMMY'S TOO 39 **FOOD**
10335 SE Foster Rd | (503) 432-8238
Daily 10am-2am

WHISPERS 67
8102 NE Killingsworth St | (971) 255-1039
Daily 11am-3am

XPOSE 70 **FOOD LOTTERY**
10140 SW Canyon Rd | (503) 430-5364
Daily 3pm-2:30am

EVERYTHING ELSE

ADAM & EVE 121
9220 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 224-1604
Mon-Thu 11am-9pm, Fri-Sat 11am-11pm,
Sun 12pm-6pm

ADULT VIDEO ONLY 102
Vancouver:
10620 NE 4th Plain Rd | (360) 891-3988
Mon-Sat 3:30pm-6:30pm

ALL ADULT VIDEO 103
14555 SE McLoughlin Blvd | (503) 652-2004
Daily 24 hours

ARMCHAIR FAMILY VIDEO 105
3205 SE Milwaukie Ave | (503) 477-5446
Mon-Fri 11am-6pm, Sat 11am-5pm

B.A. VIDEO 122
7964 SE Foster Rd | (503) 477-5446
Mon-Fri 11am-7pm, Sat 11am-5pm

CATALYST: A SEX POSITIVE PLACE 171
5224 SE Foster Rd | (503) 726-9930
Hours vary by events

CINDIE'S 109
8201 SE Powell Blvd #H | (503) 771-9979
Mon-Sat 9am-12am, Sun 11am-10pm

CLUB FANTASY 158
1232 NE Columbia Blvd | (503) 445-6688
Daily 24 hours

EXOTIC NIGHTS BOOKS 114
5620 NE MLK Blvd | (503) 493-3944
Mon-Fri 12pm-11pm, Sat 5pm-12am
Live Models: Mon-Sat 12pm-11pm

FANTASY FOR ADULTS ONLY (5) 180
3137 NE Sandy Blvd | (503) 239-6969
Daily 24 hours

1703 W Burnside St | (503) 295-6969
Daily 10am-3am

10720 SW Beaverton-Hillsdale Hwy
(503) 235-6969
Daily 10am-10pm

15536 SE 82nd Dr | (503) 203-6969
Daily 10am-Midnight

6440 SW Coronado St | (503) 244-6969
Daily 24 hours

FANTASYLAND (2) 116
5228 SE Foster Rd | (503) 775-0094
Daily 24 hours

16014 SE 82nd Dr | (503) 655-4667
Daily 24 hours

FAT COBRA VIDEO 118
5940 N Interstate Ave | (503) 247-DICK (3425)
Mon-Fri 6am-3am, Sat-Sun 24 hours

FROLICS 120
8845 NE Sandy Blvd | (503) 408-0958
Daily 24 hours

HEAD EAST 164
13250 SE Division St | (503) 761-3777
Sun-Thu 10am-9pm, Fri-Sat 10am-10pm

HOT BOX 157
4589 SW Watson Ave | (503) 574-4057
Mon-Sat 11am-10pm, Sun 11am-9pm

HUNNIES 148
3520 NE 82nd Ave | (503) 254-4226
Daily 24 hours

LIBERATED WORLD 123
10660 SE Division St | (503) 257-6881
Daily 24 hours

MR. PEEP'S / MR. PEEP'S TOO (2) 162
13355 SW Henry St | (503) 643-6645
20625 SW TV Hwy, Aloha OR | (503) 356-5624
Daily 24 hours

OREGON THEATER 127
3530 SE Division St | (503) 232-7469
Daily from 12pm

PARADISE VIDEO 128
14712 SE Stark St | (503) 255-9414
Daily 24 hours

PASSIONATE DREAMS 130
6644 SE 82nd Ave | (503) 775-6665
Daily 10am-4am

PEEP HOLE 181
709 SE 122nd Ave | (503) 257-8617
Daily 24 hours

PUSSYCATS 134
3414 NE 82nd Ave | (503) 384-2794
5226 SE Foster Rd | (971) 255-0133
10813 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 206-5874
Daily 24 hours

SEDUCTIONS 170
5321 SE Foster Rd | (503) 719-5046
Daily 24 hours

SHEENA'S G SPOT 137
8315 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 972-1111
Daily 24 hours

SILVER SPOON 139
8521 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 245-0489
Mon-Sat 10am-7pm

SPARTACUS LEATHERS 141
300 SW 12th Ave | (503) 224-2604
Mon-Thurs 10am-11pm, Fri-Sat 10am-12am,
Sun 12pm-9pm

SYLVIA'S PLAYHOUSE 163
8226 NE Fremont St | (503) 568-4090
Daily 24 hours

TABOO VIDEO (4) 144
Downtown: 311 NW Broadway | (503) 227-3443
Portland: 237 SE MLK Blvd | (503) 239-1678
Portland: 2330 SE 82nd Ave | (503) 777-6033
Vancouver: 4811 NE 94th Ave | (360) 254-1126
Daily 24 hours

TORCHED ILLUSIONS 149
17935 SW Tualatin Valley Hwy | (503) 259-2310
Daily 6am-2am

TORCHED ILLUSIONS II 169
12963 SW Pacific Hwy | (503) 430-5140
Daily 10am-12am

THE RED DOOR 172
314 W Burnside St, Suite 300
Daily 24 hours

THE VELVET ROPE 101
3533 SE César E Chávez Ave | (971) 271-7064
Thu 8pm-2am, Fri-Sat 8:30pm-4am,
Sun 8pm-2am

X-OTIC TAN 147
8431 SE Division St | (503) 257-0622
Daily 24 hours

DISPENSARIES

MARIJUANA PARADISE 6
9663 SW Barbur Blvd | (503) 206-7462
Daily 10am-8pm

NECTAR - NE SANDY 8
3350 NE Sandy Blvd | (971) 703-4777

NECTAR - 122ND AVE 8
1019 NE 122nd Ave | (971) 279-2512
Daily 10am-11pm

NECTAR - MISSISSIPPI 8
4125 N Mississippi | (503) 206-4818
Daily 10am-11pm

NECTAR - SW PORTLAND 8
10931 SW 53rd Avenue | (503) 477-8800
Daily 10am-11pm

69
KIT KAT CLUB

231 SW ANKENY ST
503-208-3229

49
SPYCE
GENTLEMEN'S CLUB

33 NW 2ND ST
503-243-4646

69
Mystic
Gentlemen's Club

9950 SE STARK ST
503-477-9523

23
CLUB SINROCK

12035 NE GLISAN ST
503-889-0332

10
ROSE CITY STRIP

3620 SE 35TH PL
503-239-1004

70
XPOSE

10140 SW CANYON RD
503-430-5364

15
King's

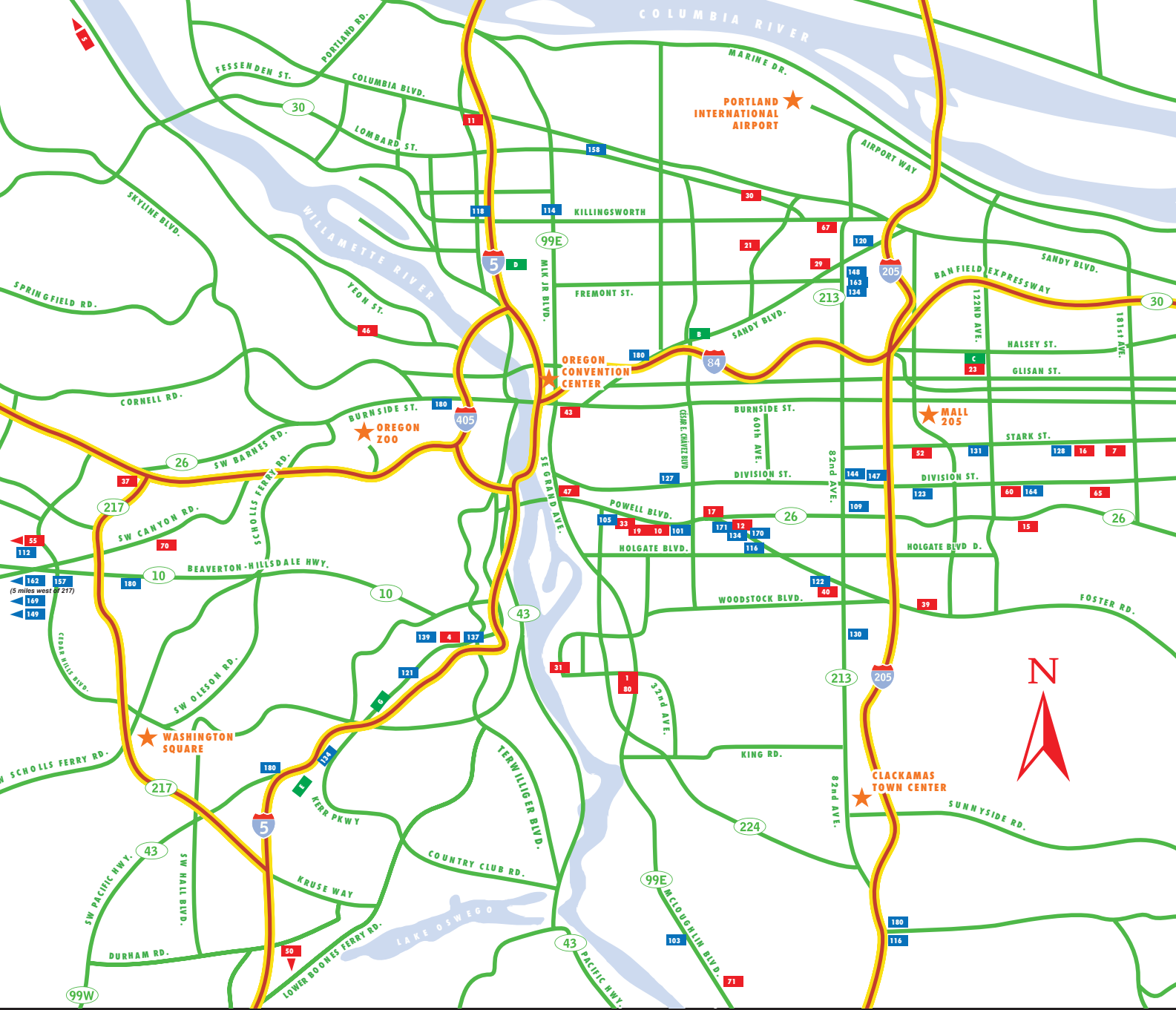
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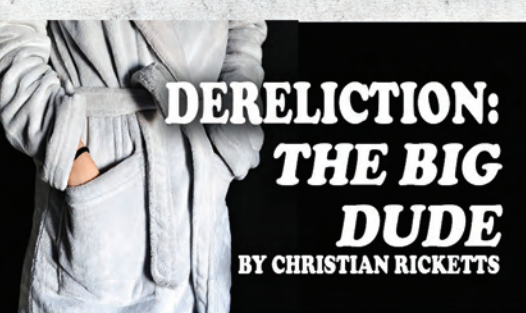
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DERELICTION: THE BIG DUDE

BY CHRISTIAN RICKETTS

Tony's Bar. A grown man stares from his stool, looking out the window at Burnside's mangled asphalt that is wet with random hours of rain and silence.

"Your White Russian...what's the name on the card again?"

"Oh uh, Bill. William Teutral. And, I wanna close out."

The bartender has cool hand tattoos and an interesting face, but hasn't seemed to notice Bill's thick lambswool Westerly sweater, ordered from the Pendleton clothing website a month earlier on the good advice of the Big Big Lebowski fan forum (username: The Bill Lebowski). Nor has the bartender noticed the distinctive pajama pants and sandals. Maybe he's never seen *The Big Lebowski* and this is all an honest mistake.

When the bartender comes back with the drink, Bill asks, "Hey, have you seen *The Big Lebowski*?"

The bartender says "Is that a movie? Yeah, I think so. I don't really watch movies," and walks away.

Bill takes a sip of the White Russian, smirking and looking around the bar. The only other people are a punk couple sitting in a booth and a short old woman who had been sitting at the same slot machine all night. A week before, Bill had gone to a bowling alley bar and he got at least three compliments.

Tonight's dead.

The bartender returns, sliding the bill and the debit card back to Bill.

Bill frowns when he sees he just spent \$24 on three White Russians.

The bartender, walking away, says, "Have a nice night."

Bill leaves the tip line blank and uses "Jeff L." as a signature. "It's what the Dude would have done," he thinks, while shuffling out to the dull-but-glistening sidewalk.

Bill remembered first seeing *The Big Lebowski*

in theaters and thinking it was only okay. Back then, he was still in community college, registering for classes aimlessly and wearing hats and t-shirts advertising his preference for Guinness. Then, a coworker at the call center posted some *Lebowski* memes in the team chat that were pretty funny. Sensing the film was something fashionable to like, Bill quietly suppressed his memories of not liking *The Big Lebowski* all that much at first, instead going out of his way to quote the film as often as possible.

Sensing the beginning of a new bout of Portland rain, Bill broke out of his feigned saunter into a light jog—making it back to his apartment building still dry.

While digging around in his pajama pockets for his keys, Bill wondered if he had another roach left and if the shared water heater could produce enough hot water for a bath. But, the keys were not in his pajama pockets, nor in his sweater pockets. When his fingers found a hole in the pocket of his cheaply produced pants, Bill panicked. His roommate, Chris, probably wasn't home (and he was a dick, anyways). Bill left his cellphone at home, because *The Dude* didn't carry a cellphone back in the early 90s.

The unpleasant effect of the Monarch vodka from the three White Russians began to make its presence known at this time. Stumbling, trying to retrace his steps, the sky opened up and, within two minutes, Bill and his whole *Big Lebowski* outfit became soaked.

"Hey, at least I'm housebroken," Bill mumbled to himself with a smirk.

Bill jogged up the block to a Plaid Pantry—the same one he was once nearly kicked out of for drinking a carton of half 'n' half before paying for it. When Bill tried to buy half 'n' half this time, however, his card was declined. Checking his balance at the store ATM, he discovered that he had overdrawn his account at Tony's. Hungry, wet, drunk and sad, Bill walked aimlessly in the rain, as inside he fought feelings of depression and worthlessness by repeating in his head the phrase, "the Dude abides."

Eventually, he found a dry spot to sit in, near the entrance of an old and faded apartment building. Bill thought about his life, about his family worrying about him and about being single, without anyone he could call a "best friend." Bill whispered out loud, "I am so fucking boring" and started to cry.

"Don't cry now, honey."

Bill looked up and saw a middle-aged, blonde woman, smiling down at him.

"You got anywhere to stay tonight?" she asked warmly.

"Uh...I would, bu...but I locked myself out of my apartment."

"Well, I have a couch. You can come and stay with me if you want."

"Oh, okay."

Upstairs, Bill found himself in a studio apartment filled with hanging beads, books, pictures and the tart smell of very old perfume. Late 1800s perfume, he guessed sarcastically. Hey, what if it's sarsaparilla? That would be funny.

"Make yourself comfortable...my name is Stella, by the way."

"Thank you, Stella."

"You want a drink?"

"Yeah. Can you make a White Russian?"

"Of course I can, honey. Wait right there."

Bill closed his eyes and, leaning back, fell asleep.

A half hour later, Bill woke up to find Stella taking off his pajama pants. Not wanting to be rude, Bill pretended to be still asleep, as Stella took his limp penis into her mouth and tugged on his scrotum with one hand and rubbing her crotch with the other. After a few minutes, Stella swallowed Bill's ejaculate, then got up, walked over to the bed, laid down and immediately fell asleep. Bill looked up at a large crack in the old plaster wall that ran across the ceiling to the window. Out the window, the sun was beginning to rise. The morning light became blurry as Bill Teutral started to cry.

He didn't cry because he was drunk or because his bank account was overdrawn and he works at a call center. Bill realized that he had gone over an hour without thinking of *The Big Lebowski* in any way. He felt good...sane, free. A few seconds later, deflation, from knowing that the break was over—he had gone too far. The next thought was coming, like a bullet. Bill's body began to convulse. His legs involuntarily began kicking and vomit sprayed from his mouth, as his arms and torso cavorted violently on the couch. Stella woke up, asking, "What's the matter, honey, are you alright?! I love you!!" Bill's chest sucked in air and then, in a spot on impression of Jeff Daniels, Bill yelled "She's my not my special lady, she's my special lady friend! I'm just helping her conceive, man!" Then, Bill passed out.



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TOP

THINGS I LEARNED LIVING IN MY CAR

BY BRAD COX

Sometimes, in life, shit happens—shit that you don't see coming...hicups on your path, if you will. As adult humans, having sound mind and access to infinite consciousness, we can choose how we deal with these hicups. Some chick dumped me unexpectedly and I chose to deal with that by borrowing my brother's Scion XB and retreating to the woods, where I can sleep next to a babbling brook among the tall grass and the trees. And, where is better to live in a fucking car, during the awakening of springtime, than Oregon? Fucking nowhere, that's where.

1) It Cures Insomnia

You know the articles that your hippie friends share on Faceyspace, about how sleeping in the woods resets your circadian rhythm? Well, they aren't fucking around. I was up to two vali-yums and six Tylenol PMs. I could take 30mg of Ambien and still do math, but my first night out at my secretcamp site and I slept like a fucking baby. I have even gone to sleep without taking pills at all, since I started sleeping with the tree people. We are talking lifetime clinical insomnia here, by the way. We are *not* talking about the kind of thing that drinking less coffee and exercising more can fix. I have been on heavy sleeping meds on and off since I was about ten years old. I would read that shit and laugh. Well, I laugh no longer—now, I sleep.

2) The Woods Are Scary And Make Weird Sounds At Night

I am not an outdoorsman. I have a rad fuckin' beard, I wear a lot of plaid and I was Boy Scout. But, my survival skills mostly come from watching paranoid prepping videos and that one dude on Discovery Channel. I can make fire, I can make loud sounds to scare away animals and that's about it. At night, when the lantern is off and the phone is dead, the quiet is certainly not quiet. It is at first terrifying, but, eventually, it becomes com-

forting—becoming a reminder that you are truly never alone. I hope I see a cougar or some shit. I intend on earning this majestic creature's trust and forming an unshakable bond with it. I may not be an outdoorsman, but, I sure the fuck can be a Beastmaster.

3) You Will Have To Poop

I'm about 30 minutes to a bathroom from where I camp. I can pack up my car house and have it ready to roll in about 20 minutes, which means I am, at minimum, 50 minutes from shitting in a toilet. So, obviously, I had to poop in the woods. Problem number one that arose from that? I didn't buy toilet paper. Problem number two? I am a chubby dude and I can't physically squat for too long. So, if you ever decide to live in the woods, prepare to poop there too. Also, the birds will watch you judgmentally, as you squeeze out your protein shakes and Cheetos.

4) You PROBABLY Won't Get Murdered

I grew up watching horror movies, so my only mental reference for the woods is a teenage girl running through them, barefoot with her titties out. I was actually kind of excited about the possibility of seeing random, bare-boobed women in need of some saving when I got to the woods. Seriously though, I have not seen one single mostly nude woman running through the woods screaming "HELP! HELP! HELP!" Not that I'm sure of what assistance I could render (remember the lack of outdoorsiness), but goddamnit, I have a Kershaw pocket knife and a tiny axe, so I'd sure the fuck try. Then, after I have thwarted the serial murdering psychopath, the chick and I will have dabs and pet my cougar.

5) You Will See The Real Sky

Living in a city and never going camping or leaving the city, I got used to the way the sky looks at

night. In the city, there is so much light pollution, that you can't see the subtle colors and amazing patterns in the sky. In the woods, I will literally just lay in the grass, smoke weed and stare at the sky. Even on cloudy nights, it's still better. Everything in nature is better than anything man has ever created—in fact, everything man has ever created has fucked Mother Nature right in her ass pocket. Outdoors in the woods, you can count the stars as your consciousness drifts into the sea of possibilities. Your life becomes so clear...the path you are intended to walk shows itself to you in these quiet moments of meditation with the spirits in the sky.



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He whipped out his cock. Eros on earth. Perfectly erect.

"If I had incense and candles, I'd sing hymns to your dick right now," I said.

He tilted his seat back until it clanked into the last possible position.

His cock stiffened against his stomach. The waistband of his pants held it in place. He shielded the driver's side window with his black hoodie.

I had already covered the passenger's side window with my blue hoodie, because the setting sun beat down on my skull, until my hair baked with a lambent heat. I studied his high cheekbones to his crystalline blue eyes, piercing right through my struggle of reluctance and excitement.

I looked around to see if we were alone in the parking gravel on Sauvie Island.

A herd of cattle in front of us grazed the pasture in a slow gait. The white bull with horns that stretched for almost a yard on each side caught my eye. The father of Minotaur that Poseidon sent to Minos. The rampaging Cretan Bull that Hercules captured. The wandering Marathonian Bull that Theseus slayed. The mythic white bull of unbridled passion and spontaneity stood a few hundred feet from the car in the lush field.

I was stoned and took it as an omen.

My gaze spun back to my boyfriend, who now had a solar aura cast around him. A translucent gold nimbus engulfed his body. He grabbed his dick. I swallowed as much as I could fit in my mouth.

Earlier, we had strolled along the shoreline of the river. The trees cast a shadow along the river's edge and an icy breeze chilled us, enough to make us turn back to the car. The sky hadn't yet blushed with Maxfield-Parrish hues, but it would. Just like my face and ass was about to...

I switched positions and tried kneeling on the floorboard, but it didn't make it easier to give

good head in a small car. After a few minutes of slurping and bobbing, a Honda pulled up next to us.

I climbed back into my seat.

"Don't worry, he can't see us," Eros said.

We had heard a cow moo her way into the herd when we first arrived—while we smoked weed. She was off in the distance and mooed until she took her place, between other cows convened near a brown bull, smaller than the giant snow-white bull.

"I dare you to moo when he gets out of the car," I said.

The stout, gray-haired man stepped out of his car, toward his trunk and opened it.

"Mooooooooo," Eros said, two or three times.

The man looked out into the cow pasture.

We laughed.

The man disappeared into the trees.

We kissed.

"Turn around, pull down your pants and bring your ass over here," Eros said and patted the leather seat.

I squished myself against the door in a fetal position, with my head twisted against the door and ass toward him. He smacked it and I could feel his hand print swell and redden.

"I haven't had sex in a car since I was a kid," I said.

He lowered his head and kissed me with the sexiest lips I've ever tasted.

He spat in his hand, rubbed it on his cock, then my pussy and slid inside of me. I looked up, as he scaled the seats for the best angle. He wiggled into different positions while he pumped the flesh pretzel I'd willingly become.

He doubled as a sex god and rock climber as I watched and moaned.

Just as my boyfriend got into the perfect, most pleasurable position, the stocky man returned to his car. By now, the hoodies fell half off the tinted windows. Anxiety showered me in a wave of worry. At the same time, a white truck that resembled a police vehicle revved down the gravel.

"We're so busted," I said.

"No one can tell what's going on," he said, still inside me, as he peered out the back window, holding himself up on the seats.

The truck rolled past without hesitation. The short, silver man sat in his car.

We laughed and continued having sex. We tucked the falling hoodies back into the slightly open windows, around each thrust.

We both glanced over at the guy in the car...assumed he'd drive off any second, so we could really go for it.

"Why won't he just leave?" I said.

"I don't know, but he needs to," my boyfriend said.

The creeper in the car just sat there. We noticed he wasn't actually watching us, but we sensed he enjoyed knowing we were fucking next to him, so we stopped.

We pulled our pants up and shook our heads. We left the cattle in the dust, with the peripheral voyeur.

Jaime Dunkle mixes the profound and the profane in her prose, with an altruism that stems from her background as a journalist. Her stories range from fiction to personal narrative and often blur between the two. See her blush at JaimeDunkle.com or [@JaimeDunkle](https://www.instagram.com/JaimeDunkle). No creepers allowed.



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DOS AND DON'TS OF THROWING A FESTIVAL

Loyal *Exotic* readers will recall a three-issue-long spread that I wrote up a few years back, about Fire In The Canyon—an outdoor music festival that I was lucky enough to help host, mainly because one-time-mayoral-candidate, Jessie Sponberg, got too shitfaced on cheap beer to complete his assigned duties. The weekend was a complete mess and it was one of the best times I've ever had. Since, I've attended and performed at various outdoor festivals—some good, some bad—but, all of them have at least a handful of shared elements. Whether you're taking the family to the Gathering Of The Juggalos, celebrating "Socialism" by engaging in high-priced arson or just letting your newly rebellious daughter go alone to Coachella because you're an awful parent, an outdoor festival can be a blast or a disaster (props to #FyreFest for punking the rich kids...I'm gonna send Ja Rule some Bitcoin as a "thank you").

If you're thinking of putting on an outdoor show, you're gonna need to keep in mind some hard dos-and-don'ts when planning your fantastic and/or horrific weekend. Take it from a guy who has, over the years, bought at least a few sheets of acid from various white girls with pink dreadlocks.

Do: Include A Smoking Section

I'm putting this first, because it's the most obvious, yet, often the most overlooked. On the one hand, non-smokers don't want to inhale your American Spirits while watching Drake—it may even trigger those of us who still aren't over our hella-woke vegan exes. But, more importantly, policing smokers (especially the kind who enjoy the wackier varieties of tobacco) is next to impossible. I always try to use the excuse that I'm at least ten feet from a door, but that never works. Being outdoors is a general invitation to enjoy, well, being outdoors. The best solution to the problem of burnable substances is to simply set up a few designated smoking areas. Just remember the next point...

Don't: Hire Asshole Security

You can't enjoy an outdoor festival while sober, unless you're a serial killer or a vendor. People who like to be outdoors for purposes of health and awareness don't usually favor places with beer gardens and dubstep DJs over, oh...I don't know, the thousands and thousands of square miles worth of Oregon that doesn't require a bracelet to access. Therefore, it makes no sense to put that

handful of faux-cops—the ones your insurance company required you to get—to good use. People get hurt. Fights break out. Bands fail to perform "Freebird" when asked. Shit happens. Focusing on shaking down Rasta John for his dab pen is a waste of labor and an insult to the girls who keep getting groped by Neon Steve. Hire security for purposes of making people secure—not for purposes of making sure no one hits a joint during Willie Nelson's set.

Do: Have Enough Bathrooms

Have you ever been stuck in a line at a bar or indoor venue and wished you could just walk fifty feet in any direction to take a piss? Well, outdoor festivals are better than traditional venues for that very reason. If you don't have adequate Honey Buckets, attendees will make them. I've seen biological, cis, straight-up-Becky type women pee at festivals while standing up. Lock the hips, pull the panties to the side, continue to enjoy the show—simple and easy. Dudes, well...we don't *really* like those giant plastic jugs of Arizona Ice Tea for the flavor, now do we? Basically, if your Port-O-Poopers are flowing to the brim with Macklemore merchandise...excuse me, umm...fecal matter, you're just gonna turn the festival into one giant shit storm. Google "Tila Tequila Juggalos" for more information on this (fecal) matter.

Don't: Involve Kids

It doesn't matter (and I'm not talking about feces anymore) if the festival is all-ages or not; when Ice Cube tells the crowd to yell "Fuck the police," the crowd is gonna yell "fuck the police!" Again, regardless of who is or isn't allowed into the festival, people are gonna hear Bruno Mars and then people are gonna *fuck*—maybe in a shit-filled outdoor toilet, maybe in line for an elephant ear—who knows? The fact is, your goddamn kid doesn't need to be at the Warped Tour. And, even if you are hip parent (Subaru with profanity-laden anti-Trump stickers, dyed hair, quadruple-zero ear gauges, Buffalo Gap flannel, faded tattoos of sail-or flash, thick-rimmed glasses, stories about the X-Ray Cafe...you know, "Portland unique"), by letting your child run amok during Sick Of It All's set, you're basically asking a bunch of punk rockers to babysit for free. There's nothing more selfish than bringing a toddler to a Ween show. Seriously, fuck you and your spawn.

Do: Stick To Schedule

If there is more than one stage, keep a hard schedule (as in, tell the sound girl she can cut off bands that run over time). The fold-out map that you handed to a bunch of hallucinating teenagers is already hard enough to read. If Stage 2 is running an hour behind, while Stage 3 is running early, but Main Stage is having sound issues and We Paid To Be On This Show stage is located six miles from the gates, it's gonna create more of a shit storm than the under-supplied Crap-O-Craters and Tote-A-Turds.

Don't: Overcharge For Parking

Twenty years ago, long before medical or recreational marijuana was legally available in Oregon (outside of stage nine cancer and maybe full-blown AIDS 2.0), the World Hemp Expo Extravaganza took place in Harrisburg, OR, in a giant field on private property. Short of selling heroin to children, festival staff turned a red eye to anything involving drugs. Good times to be had by all. The only problem with W.H.E.E. was a lack of on-site parking, which meant that Harrisburg (population: two handfuls and a smidge, unless you count the house by the freeway) turned into a black market for parking spaces. I warmly recall paying a man—who was missing more than his fair share of teeth—ten dollars to leave my car parked in his yard, before walking a few miles to the festival. Along the way, an endless string of "no good kids" gave the locals something to gawk at, while a single, overworked cop made his low-license-plate-light stops by the small, overpriced parking lot that was intended for the festival. Nothing ruins a weed festival more than feeling as if an entire town knows you're high.

Do: Offer Camping (And Keep Entertainment Going All Night)

No one has ever said, "Well, that was a good performance by Phish. Time to get to bed early, so I can get up for my day job." If you booked a festival within noise-ordinance-land, then you shouldn't be booking festivals. Also, a festival isn't a festival until you've wandered around drunk in the pitch black dark—looking for a Lil' Shitter to throw up in, while a shitty DJ ruins Bassnectar in the distance.

TalesFromTheDJBooth.com



Stripped IN PORNLAND

FLASH FICTION INSPIRED BY REAL AND RUMORED EVENTS IN THE PORTLAND STRIP CLUB INDUSTRY

By Jaime Dunkle

WILD EYES

Marilyn Manson's "Beautiful People" plays while she "dances." I say "dances" because, we all agree, she just walks—she doesn't swing her hips to the beat, she doesn't even strut—she just walks across the stage. Then, she simply sits down. Again, she doesn't put her own twist on sitting down; she doesn't have any rhythm on her way down—she just plops her bottom on the red and black tile.

Her eyes bulge wide and wild, as she sits and smiles—her eyes compete with her smile for wilderness.

She spreads her legs, then puts her hand on her thigh near her vagina, closes her legs, stands up, walks, sits down, spreads her legs, puts her hand on her thigh near her vagina, closes her legs, stands up, walks, sits down and spreads her legs—that's her entire routine.

The whole roster of strippers congregates in the basement dressing room, as if we're some kind of sex worker tribunal. None of us dancers can figure out why Wild Eyes has a following and gets publicity so often. We all agree she's beautiful, but she has no skill.

We do everything to make her uncomfortable, so that she will leave our club. We ignore her. We smoke weed in her face, because she hates pot. Some of the meaner women even mock her stage routine right in front of her.

One day, she approaches me with tear-filled eyes.

"Why does everyone hate me so much?" she asks. She sits in the open tanning booth that looks like a purple, futuristic isolation capsule. Barbie ready for outer space.

My stomach turns. I push the words out of my gut in ashamed squeaks.

"Because you don't have to work as hard as everyone else," I say.

"But, everyone here is so talented," she says. Tears cascade down her rosy cheeks. "I have two left feet."

My own hatred for her reverses in my mind and crashes into a brick wall of compassion.

I stand up from my chair. My face boils with Catholic guilt. I sit next to her in the tanning capsule. I hug her.

"On behalf of every cruel stripper here, including myself, I'm sorry," I say, as I rub her back.

She sobs until she gets called to the stage, fixing her mascara in the mirror before running off.

When she leaves, I lay inside the purple isolation capsule and close it, without turning on its tanning beams.

FARMER JOE

Farmer Joe reaches out his dirt-stained hand for my bare breast.

I sense it under the black lights in the table dance alcove. I thwack his arm away, before he can grab me.

"What the fuck, man?"

"You're the most beautiful girl I've ever seen," he says. "I've been buying table dances all night. Don't I get a bonus?"

"What?"

"Grind on my face," he says.

"Fuck no."

"The other girl did it for my friend." He points at their table. They wave.

"You got a knife, so I can slit my wrists? Because I'd rather kill myself."

"C'mon. I spent more than a hundred dollars."

"Not gonna happen."

The song ends. I pick up my mini dress and black bra from the leather love seat.

"Where are you going?"

"We're done."

I pull back the sheer curtain and step out of the private dance alcove, wearing only my stripper shoes.

I take my clothes to the dressing room. The DJ calls my name. I adjust my breasts in my mini dress and strapless bra, then I climb the stage stairs.

Farmer Joe sits at the rack, front and center. I dance up to him and lean over. I smile. I take off my dress.

"You're ugly," he says.

I kneel down, my face only inches from his. I spit. He doesn't flinch. He sticks his tongue out, twists it and licks the spit from his face. He moans. His belly puffs and blows a baritone laugh.

The bartender hops the stage rail and pushes me from the rack, toward the doorway near the side of the stage that descends to the dressing room.

"You're 86'd for good this time, Lux," he says and scuttles downstairs a step beside me. I'm naked in my giant stripper heels. I clench my mini dress and purse. Black eyeliner and sweat sting my left eye. I squeeze it shut, until it tears. The bartender won't shut up behind me.

"Pack your shit. Cab's on the way," he says.

He follows me to my dressing room station. He hovers over me while I get dressed. He gets too close for comfort. I spin around and spit at his feet.

"Step. Off."

I shake. My flamethrower eyes scorch his ego.

I corkscrew in a 180 and proceed to stuff my lipsticks, G-strings and fistfuls of cash into my valise.

"You're the sickest, most hateful bitch in this club and you're done." Spit from his scream splats on the vanity mirror behind me.

"And you're the dumbest fucking bartender in Portland," I say in a calm tone, then blot the runny eyeliner around my left eye with a wet wipe. "If you knew the story, you'd bitch out Ms. Face Grinder for jeopardizing our livelihoods," I say to his reflection in the mirror, with my back toward his actual body.

"Worry about yourself and find another job."

"I will, because I draw the line at grinding my pussy on any dude's face for \$20. I guess integrity has a price tag of 'I quit.'"

I snatch my suitcase, march up the stairs, out of the club and into my cab.

Jaime Dunkle mixes the profound and the profane in her prose, with an altruism that stems from her background as a journalist. Her stories range from fiction to personal narrative and often blur between the two. Cyber-stalk her at JaimeDunkle.com or @JaimeDunkle. No creepers allowed.



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dreams

IN BROKEN BAGS

BY BRAD COX

As I wake up, I feel the nausea set in. My mouth tastes like a trash can and my head is pounding as usual. I walk to the bathroom like a zombie, close the door and continue the ritual. As I walk out of the bathroom, I stop in the kitchen—I need caffeine. Drinking the Mountain Dew, I reach for my vape and choke on the morning's first not-cigarette. Preparing to do my first dab of the day, I turn on YouTube and look mindlessly at the screen. Nothing ever interests me anymore. The shows are dry, the jokes are empty and my patience is thinning.

The torch lights up like an explosion, the flame touches the nail and I watch as I always do. The nail gets red hot, as I turn off the torch and put the globe back on. I wait a moment for the titanium to cool. The vapor explodes as I touch the dab to the nail and inhale the sweet medicine. I gotta get right, before the girls wake up...before life starts happening...before the pressure comes back. Coughing myself to gagging as I usually do, I take a drink of my Dew and click a music video—music soothes the soul, after all.

"Good morning, Daddy," she says as she walks out from the back. "How'd you sleep baby?" the question is like an allegation. Of course, I slept like shit—of course the demons tormented me all night, the shame, insecurity and self-loathing that come out in the moonlight. "I slept good, baby girl, how about you?" I don't lie to be malicious; I lie because I'm tired of the truth and I want the lie to be true. She doesn't need to hear it every day and I don't need to think it anymore. It's morning and today could be a good day—no reason to kill it prematurely.

Picking up my phone, I check the usual suspects. Looking at Facebook, I see some people are in love, some people got drunk, some people are gearing up for the weekend. The news tells me of a riot in Ferguson....the police killed another black kid. It's a police state and no one notices. And, the ones who do, like me, are paranoid and on the fringes. I contemplate on what's hap-

pened to my world. The older I've gotten, the more the world reflects my state of mind. Or, maybe vice versa.

"Morning, Daddy!" More of the same. She leans down to kiss me and her lips feel so soft. One sits in her spot on the couch and the other kneels at my feet on the floor. We sit together, watch a few videos and talk about the day. Number One has a date planned with her other boyfriend and Number Two has some very important business to attend to in a video game. I, however, have no plans...just to sit and attempt to not lose my shit.

Maybe I'll attempt to write again. Most days the words slur together and don't form sentences or thoughts...they just stare me down in defiance. Everything you've ever read has just been a different arrangement of the same 26 letters (someone put that on Facebook the other day, and it made me laugh and think—all I wanna do is find the perfect arrangement).

We don't appreciate it anymore, the technology that rules our lives. No one talks about Apollo missions or advancements in physics. We talk about Twitter feeds and Instagram pictures. We talk about celebrities and shitty bands who play derivative bullshit. No one cares that they are slaves—but, I do. I think about it. This device in my hands, as I write about the device in my hands. I'm stoned and it's hard to focus.

Three dabs in and I finally feel the hunger. I can't eat when I'm not stoned. Standing up, I stretch as I walk to the kitchen. Number Two says, "Are you hungry, Daddy? What do you want? I'll fix it." I look at her, eyes big and full of love. She just wants to take care of me. They all do. I'm the wounded dog. I always have been. I tell her I'd like an egg sandwich and she happily goes to the kitchen, as I sit back down in my spot.

The Mountain Dew goes dry, as I realize I have to put on pants to get more. The inevitable argument in my mind is...maybe I could just drink

water or coffee? No, I'm as addicted to the sugar and bubbles, as I am the caffeine. I walk back to the bedroom and put on some dirty pants and a shirt that looks clean enough, grab my wallet and walk next door.

It's a short walk. The Plaid Pantry is just a few hundred feet away from my door. Along the way, I see a young girl fixing her clothes, as she gets out of a strange vehicle I'd never seen before. Hookers and pimps, drug dealers and addicts. Southeast Portland at it's finest.

The Arab guy in the store watches me, as I wander around deciding what kind of snack I'll numb the pain with today. He thinks I'm going to steal from him. I can understand his suspicion—everyone in this neighborhood is a suspect. A liter of Mountain Dew, a liter of Pepsi, a large bottle of raspberry iced tea and a selection of snacks to bring back to the girls. It's like being a hunter-gatherer, but instead of hunting animals, I avoid being hunted by the tweakers and freaks.

Walking home, the bag breaks as I cross the street. My spoils falling to the ground—a metaphor for my life. Exhaling slowly, I fight the desire to scream and throw the \$13 of food at the fence behind me. Making a basket out of my shirt, I pick the items up and walk up the walkway to the apartment. Just before I open the door, I stop and take a deep breath—putting the smile back on my face. "Hi, Daddy!" they both exclaim, as I walk through the door wearing my fresh fake smile. "Hey ladies, I brought you snacks!" I take the items out of my shirt pouch contraption and they thank me, as they always do.

I sit back down in the same spot I always sit down in—vape in my left hand, computer mouse in my right. Scrolling through endless pages of shit I've already watched on Netflix and then doing the same thing on YouTube. It's the same fucking bullshit that was there yesterday.



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